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SOUTH REMAINS OF WINCHESTER PALACE,

BANKSIDE, SOUTHWARK.

This once extensive Palace, of which our accompanying Engraving shews part of its remains, as they stood thirty years ago, being then used as the warehouse of a flour-factor, was one of the most distinguished of the remarkable buildings which anciently stood on the Bankside. It was built by William Gifford, Bishop of Winchester, in the year 1107, as a town residence, for the use of himself and his successors, on a piece of ground belonging to the Priors of Bermondsey, to whom the Bishops appear to have paid an annual acknowledgment or quit-rent.

No situation could perhaps be chosen more judiciously for the site of such a mansion (how-

ever confined and encumbered it may now seem) than this, at the period of its erection; it, in fact, possessed the advantages which no other spot of ground so near the metropolis could have commanded. In its front ran the river Thames, between which and the Palace itself the space admitted, and no doubt was occupied, by a noble terrace walk, from which descended flights of stone steps, to the water. On its eastern side it was sheltered by the fine church and convent of St. Mary Overy, separated only by St. Saviour's Dock. At its back spread an extensive tract of country, bounded by the Surrey and Kentish hills, part of which was converted into Winchester

Park; and on its right lay the manor of Paris Garden, pleasantly diversified with cottages, fields, cultivated grounds, wood, &c., reaching as far as Lambeth.

In history, this palace is distinguished by various occurrences of a public nature, either possessing an interest in themselves, or tending to fix the periods at which different prelates resided here, and their particular acts.

In 1299, John de Pontissara, a bishop, who was put in by the Pope, of his own authority, alienated to the prior and convent of St. Swinthen, at Winchester, certain houses, with a garden contiguous to the park here, on which the mansion of the bishops of Rochester was afterwards built, and which stood on the site of part of the present Borough market.

In 1386, the celebrated William of Wykeham, then Bishop of Winton, issued certain statutes, to be observed by the same convent, from his residence here, which is styled his "Manor of Southwark."

In 1426, that magnificent prelate, Beaufort, was made bishop of this See; and it was on his return from Calais, the next year, as Cardinal of St. Eusebius, that he was met on his approach to London, by the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and chief citizens, on horseback, and conducted by them in great state to his palace of Southwark.

Several great and gorgeous entertainments were given here at different periods, on occasion of marriages at the neighbouring church of St. Mary Overy, some of which were nobly attended.

In the reign of Henry V., one of these, the marriage of the Princess of Milan to the Earl of Kent, was especially splendid; the king himself, who gave away the lady, being present, with all the chief nobility, and an open table being besides spread for all comers.

In the reign of Mary, Bishop Gardiner disgraced his residence at Winchester House, by the most bitter persecution of the Protestants, numbers of whom were confined here, examined at the Bishop's Court, in St. Mary Overy's Church, and subsequently sentenced to the flames.

In September, 1626, Bishop Lancelot Andrews died here, and was buried in St. Mary Overy's Church, where his monument still remains.

In 1642, the Parliament converted Winchester House into a prison for the confinement of Loyalists. Among other eminent prisoners, of which there appears to have been several confined at Winchester House, was the celebrated Sir Kenelm Digby.

The persecutor, Bishop Bonner, met a proper retaliation here for his cruelties, but earlier, having been confined at this place in the reign of Elizabeth.*

After the death of Charles I., this house,

* In the Brit. Mus., is a MS., containing "Bishop Bonner's replies to the taunts of the populace as he went a prisoner from the Bishop of Winchester's house."

with the grounds, and other premises, were sold by the then governing powers, to Thomas Walker, of Camberwell, for 4,380*l.* 8*s.* 3*d.*

On the Restoration, it reverted to the See of Winchester; but was no longer made the Episcopal residence, and was let out to various tenants, for which purpose an Act was passed in 1661.

The venerable remains of Winchester House were laid open to the public view by a fire which occurred in August, 1814, and destroyed a long range of warehouses and magazines of corn. After this event, the Great Hall exhibited three conjoined entrances at the east end, and a grand circular window in the gable, terminating the wall at that point, and very curious and uncommon, from its scientific commixture of triangular compartments. The tracery of this rare window was intricate, and the centre of the circle peculiarly beautiful; its diameter twelve feet. It was, probably, as old as Edward the First.

A pier was seen at the north-east angle of the wall, and part of a connecting arch. The range of windows in the south wall were nearly entire; the arches mostly of a flat character, and had but few mouldings, though two doors on the lower story were very elegant. Most of these remains were built in on the restoration of the warehouses, or destroyed: a fine fragment, however, part of the south wall of the Great Hall, is still standing.

THE FIRST MAN.

Two suns had dawned upon the space
Where new-formed Nature lay,
Two moons had run their gentle race,
To cheer the fall of day;
Five days and nights the new-born Earth
Since first Creation gave it birth
Its circling path had run,
Nor yet the mighty Maker's Eye
Which all his works survey'd on high,
Beheld his labours done!
No!—though the Earth be good and fair,
And each creat'd thing,—
A nobler work is wanted there—
Creation's Lord and King!
God hath pronounced his high command,
And lo! a new Creation stands,
Ruin'd from the lifeless clod,
Majestic in his form and mien,
The Maker's noblest work is seen—
The Image of his God!
The Image of his God! and Lord
Of all his eyes survey,
All nature bowing to his word,
Submissive to his sway;
The stars above, and rolling sun,
They seem to shine for him alone,
For him the silver moon,
For him the trees their produce bear,
The beasts of earth, the birds of air,
His is each noble boon.
Such hast thou made us, Lord, and such
The gifts thy hand hath dealt;
O, may the hand that gave so much
Be still in bounty felt;
And may we ne'er forget to prove
Our gratitude for endless love,
Nor cease to praise and pray,
Who much receives, must much restore,
But thou, our God, hast giv'n us more
Than Man can e'er repay.

E. M.

THE POETRY OF
MILTON'S PROSE-WRITINGS.

NO. II.

[THE prose-writings of Milton being chiefly polemical, abound with strong and fortified expressions; yet do his sentences, though frequently cumbrous with the "*αυαταί ηνυατα*" of his leading model Æschylus, often give way to passages of plaintive beauty, and Sophoclean softness. This the observant reader must have already perceived from our former paper of extracts.

Below is another cluster of his finest passages:—]

Music to be a Part of Education.

The interim of unsweating themselves (after athletic exercises) and convenient rest before meat, may both with profit and delight be taken up in recreating and composing their travelled spirits, with the solemn and divine harmonies of music heard or learned, either while the skilful organist plies his grave and fancied descant in lofty fugues, or the whole symphony with artful and unimaginable touches, adorn and grace the well-studied chords of some choice composer; sometimes the lute or soft organ-stop waiting on elegant voices, either to religious, martial, or civil ditties, which, if wise men and prophets be not extremely out, have a great power over dispositions and manners, to smoothe and make them gentle from rustic harshness and dis-tempered passions.—*Letter to Mr. Samuel Hartlib.*

Importance of the Clerical Office.

There is no employment more honourable, more worthy to take up a great spirit, more requiring a generous and free nurture, than to be the messenger and herald of heavenly truth from God to men, and by the faithful work of the holy doctrine to procreate a number of faithful men, making a kind of creation like to God's, by infusing his spirit and likeness into them, to their salvation, as God did into him; arising to what climate soever he turn him, like that Sun of Righteousness that sent him with healing in his wings, and new light to break in upon the chill and gloomy hearts of his hearers, raising out of darksome barrenness a delicious and fragrant spring of saving knowledge and good works.—*Animadversions upon the Remonstrant's Defence.*

Freedom of the Press.

If we think to regulate printing, thereby to regulate manners, we must regulate all recreations and pastimes, all that is delightful to man. No music must be heard, no song be set or sung, but what is grave and Doric. There must be licensing dancers, that no gesture, motion, or deportment be taught our youth, but what, by their allowance, shall be thought honest; for such Plato was provided of. It will ask more than the work of twenty licensers to examine all the lutes, the violins,

and the guitars in every house; they must not be suffered to prattle as they do, but must be licensed what they may say. And who shall silence all the airs and madrigals that whisper softness in chambers! The windows, also, and the balconies, must be thought on. The villages also, must have their visitors, to inquire what lectures the bagpipe and the rebeck reads, even to the ballady and to the gamut of every municipal fiddler, &c., &c.—*Areopagitica.*

Of Good and Evil.

Good and evil we know, in the field of this world, grow up together, almost inseparably; and the knowledge is so involved and interwoven with the knowledge of evil, and in so many cunning resemblances hardly to be discerned, that those confused seeds which were imposed upon Psyche as an incessant labour, to cull out and sort asunder, were not more intermixed. It was from out the rind of one apple tasted, that the knowledge of good and evil, as two twins cleaving together, leaped forth into the world. And perhaps this is that doom which Adam fell into of knowing good and evil, that is to say, of knowing good by evil.—*Areopagitica.*

Tribute to the Memory of Lord Brooke.

I, for honor's sake, and may it be eternal to him, shall name him, the Lord Brooke. He, writing of episcopacy, left ye his vote, or, rather now the last words of his dying charge, which I know will ever be of dear and honored regard with ye, so full of meekness and breathing charity, that, next to His last testament, who bequeathed love and peace to his disciples, I cannot call to mind where I have read or heard, words more mild and peaceful. He there exhorts us to hear with patience and humility those, however they be miscalled, that desire to live purely, in such a use of heaven's ordinances as the best guidance of their conscience gives them, &c., &c., &c.—*Areopagitica.*

A Passage from Lord Brooke's Book.

Light was one of the first creatures, and yet not perfected till the fourth day, and, perhaps not fully then. So was spiritual light, the beginning of the Reformation, that new creation, yet it was not perfect at first dawning, but increaseth still by degrees, till it have quite chased away darkness, and there be no more night. At first, rising out of popery, the churchless church of the Albigenses and Waldenses (holy, good men) began an admirable reformation; this was much advanced by Jerome of Prague, and John Huss. Luther had many gross errors, yet must not lose his place among those glorious lights. After these he appeared, shining yet brighter, both in doctrine and discipline. Since then, our God hath raised up a more glorious light, among these northern isles; and yet some went from us lately with a candle burning, brighter perhaps than ours, though it were

lighted here. Thus light, dilating and enlarging itself, seemeth to become more pure, more light, more glorious; and yet it seems not to be noon.—*Discourse on Episcopacy.*

Milton's Morning Occupations.

"And where my morning haunts are, he wisses not." I'll tell him.

These morning haunts are where they should be, at home; not sleeping, or concocting the surfeits of an irregular feast, but up and stirring; in winter, often ere the sound of any bell awakes men to labour or to devotion; in summer, as oft with the bird that first rouses, or, not much tardier, to read good authors, or cause them to be read, till the attention be weary, or memory have its full fraught; then, with useful and generous labours, preserving the body's health and hardness, to render lightsome, clear, and not lumpish obedience to the mind, the cause of religion, and our country's liberty, when it shall require firm hearts in sound bodies, to stand and cover their stations.—*Apology for Smectymnus.*

His Abstract Studies.

From the laureate fraternity of poets, riper years and the ceaseless round of study and reading, led me to the shady spaces of philosophy, but chiefly to the divine volumes of Plato, and his equal Xenophon, where, if I should tell ye what I learned of chastity and love—I mean that which is truly so, whose charming cup is only virtue, which she bears in her hand to those who are worthy (the rest are cheated, which a certain sorceress, the abuser of Love's name, carries about) and how the first and chiefest office of love begins and ends in the soul, producing those happy twins of her divine generation, knowledge and virtue, with such abstracted sublimities as these, it might be worth your listening, readers, as I may hope to have ye in a still time, when there shall be no chiding; not in these noises, the adversary, as ye know, barking at the door.—*Apology for Smectymnus.*

His High and Correct Principles.

Having had the doctrine of holy scripture, unfolding those chaste and high mysteries, with timeliest care infused that the "body is for the Lord, and the Lord for the body," thus also, I argued to myself, that if unchastity in a woman, whom St. Paul terms the glory of man, be such a scandal and dishonor, then, certainly in a man, who is both the image and glory of God, it must, though commonly not so thought, be much more deflowering and dishonourable, in that he sins both against his own body, which is the perfecter sex, and his own glory which is in the woman, and that which is worst, against the image and glory of God which is in himself.

His Idea of writing some great Poems.

And the accomplishment of them lies not but in a power above man's to promise . . . but by devout prayer to that Eternal Spirit who

can enrich with all utterance and knowledge, and sende out his seraphim with the hallowed fire of his altar, to touch and purify the lips of whom he pleases.—*Reasons against Prelaty.*

Discipline.

Discipline is not only the removal of disorder, but, if any visible shape can be given to divine things, the very visible image and shape of virtue; whereby she is not only seen in the regular gestures and motions of her heavenly paces as she walks, but also makes the harmony of her voice audible to mortal ears. Yea, the angels themselves, in whom no disorder is feared, as the apostle that saw them in his rapture describes, are distinguished and quaternioned into their celestial principdoms and satrapies, according as God himself has writ his imperial decrees through the great provinces of heaven. The state, also, of the blessed in Paradise, though never so perfect, is not therefore left without discipline, whose golden surveying-reed marks out and measures every quarter and circuit of New Jerusalem. Yet it is not to be conceived, that those eternal effluences of sanctity and love in the glorified saints, should, by this means, be confined and cloyed with repetition of what is prescribed, but that our happiness may orb itself into a thousand vagrancies of glory and delight, and with a kind of eccentric equation, be, as it were, an invariable planet of joy and felicity.—*Reasons against Prelaty.*

DAMASCUS.

(From Dr. Bowring's Report)

DAMASCUS, probably the oldest city in the world, still occupies the place it occupied in the days of Abraham; and though it has, no doubt, seen many vicissitudes, its population is still very considerable, and its trade extensive.

Damascus is called by the Orientals, "a pearl surrounded by emeralds." Nothing can be more beautiful than its position, whether approached from the side of Mount Lebanon, from the Desert to the east, or by the high road from the north from Aleppo and Hamah. For many miles the city is girdled by fertile fields, or gardens as they are called, which, being watered by rivers and sparkling streams, give to the vegetation, consisting principally of olive trees, a remarkable freshness and beauty.

Though the trade of Damascus is very considerable, it has no English establishment within its walls. More than one has existed, but it has not been found to answer; and the trade that has been carried on for English account is done either by French, Italian, or native houses.

Of all the cities of the east, Damascus is probably the most oriental—the city which has undergone the fewest changes. The European costume is scarcely ever seen; and,

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with few exceptions, I believe the Frank settlers have adopted the Syrian dress. The exterior of the houses is mean and unattractive; but within, many of them are ornamented in the most luxurious and costly style, supplied with fountains, and filled with flowering shrubs. The interior decorations of the roofs and walls show a taste for what is gorgeous, and the floors are frequently of marble, very finely tessellated; many of the materials are imported from Europe, especially from Italy.

The bazaars of Damascus, like those of Aleppo, are separated according to the trades which are carried on within them. Some of them are very extensive; such as those of the shoe-makers, the goldsmiths, the druggists, the garment sellers, the hardware dealers, the traders in cotton stuffs, the pipemakers, &c. They are generally kept in good order, and abundantly supplied with goods. Long bargaining seems universal, and an apparent indifference is exhibited both by buyer and seller. There are a good many bazaars kept by dervishes and sheikhs having a reputation for sanctity, but it did not appear to me that they were either more or less visited than those of their neighbours, or that anybody was disposed to pay an additional para for the article wanted on account of the religious reputation of the seller. The European goods are mostly bought on credit from the importer, but the ordinary sales in the bazaars to the consumer are for ready money. When the transactions are carried on upon a large scale with the caravan merchants, the payments are usually made on their return the following year. There are a considerable number of merchants from Persia, Mesopotamia, and the regions lying to the east, who find no difficulty in obtaining credit to a large amount, and many of them are extremely regular in their payments. This trade appears on the increase, and is capable of much greater extension. The opinion of the English houses in Syria is, that if facilities were given to communications, a very wide field would be opened to commercial enterprise.

The great khan of Damascus is a superb building, vast in extent, filled with various commodities, and frequently by merchants from remote lands. Two Mussulmen, handsomely dressed, and who were apparently transacting business on a large scale, were introduced to us as the two leading merchants of Bagdad. In the khan we observed large quantities of English cotton twist, for which the sale appeared very current. We learned that though the known buyers from the east easily obtained credit till the arrival of the next caravans, yet the richest among them paid ready money, and as these operations are large, they are of course among the most welcome visitors. On the arrival of the caravans, the bustle and business within the khans are very great, though on ordinary occasions matters proceed gravely and quietly. Adjacent to the great khan is one of smaller size, taking

its name from a large granite column in the centre. Around the khans the sellers of goods have their counting-houses, and they deposit their merchandize in various parts of the khans. Many of the khans are of great antiquity, and even in their present state give, no doubt, a tolerably accurate idea of the manner in which business was carried on in very remote periods.

There is at Damascus a tribunal of commerce for the settlement of business disputes. It consists of twelve persons—namely, nine Mussulmen, two Christians, and one Jew. The proportion is not very fairly arranged with a reference to the numbers of the population of the different religious bodies; but one of the principal Christian merchants assured me, that on the whole they were tolerably satisfied with the decisions of the tribunal, and it was seldom the Mahomedan majority showed any disposition to act unfairly to Christian litigants.

MODESTY.

WHATEVER good qualities or great talents a person may possess, if he be destitute of modesty, they are all obscured, and overlooked; for who would think of admiring one who is full of admiration for himself, thus depriving others of all pleasure in feeling any for him; and how much more ready we all naturally are, to accord praise to those who can see and acknowledge their own defects, and are willing to depreciate their own merits. But if modesty be desirable in man, it is doubly so in woman; it is, indeed, always a principal ingredient in the character of a really amiable female, and adds a lustre to every bright and pleasing quality she may possess.

On the other hand, whatever beauty and graces she may possess, if wanting humility, she loses the greatest charm of her sex, in whom as the Apostle declares, "the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit is above all price;" for bold and forward manners are entirely opposed to that timid weakness which should ever form the characteristic of the gentler sex. A man who unites great attainments to modest and diffident manners, is sure to gain general admiration and esteem; while, in one who is constantly eager to display his own acquirements, they have no other effect, than that of exciting the envy and hatred of all those who feel themselves eclipsed by his superior abilities. We have a very pleasing instance of the power of this charming quality, in the following story of a Greek prince.

"His father, one of the many tributary kings, dependent upon the Romans, having offended that people, was cited to appear before the Senate, there to answer for his misdemeanors. In his place, he sent an embassy, composed of the oldest and wisest of his councillors, and with them, his only son, who was quite a youth, to extenuate his fault, and plead his cause with his offended superiors.

The venerable sages, having said all they had to urge in his behalf, the young prince was called upon for his defence, and all eyes were turned upon him, in expectation of what he had to say. But he, distrustful of his own ability to add any weight to the arguments already advanced, was unable to utter a word, and answered only by his tears. The senators, touched by this silent appeal to their feelings, yielded to the modesty of a boy, what the eloquence of the fathers had failed to effect."

PERTHENSIS.

PRaise OF THE GUITAR.

THIS is the descendant of the Cithara of the ancients, the lute of our well-favored ancestresses. A murrain on the man who hath no leaning towards gentle antiquity! If instruments were estimated by their effect, divided by their magnitude, the guitar, with its hundred tones, would hold considerable rank. Its intonation is, in some keys, inferior to the pianoforte's; but the pianoforte cannot warble, or articulate, or sigh, or wail, or tremble, like the human voice under emotion, as the guitar; it cannot effect that oblivion of worldly ills, which a certain philosopher said was produced on him by a moonlight night. None but the lute can have the *vox humana* tones; the distinct soprano, mezzo, contr' alto, and tenor voices—which reside about the middle of the thinner strings, and the miniature Dragonetti that lurks within the thickest, interchangeable at will with the cumbrous alacrity of the bassoon. The forte of the lute-kind is imitation—not of beasts, or birds, or things material, but of musical expressions; the conjuring up of all recollections that hang by sounds, from a simple melody to the triumphant "orquesta," of the Spanish cadet, who forsook Ferdinand and a lieutenancy for love—of his guitar. Of all dulcet sounds, none can surpass a duet of Huerta's on the middle of the second and third strings, emerging from a wilderness of notes, deficient, indeed in noise, but giving the liveliest idea in miniature of an overture by a full band. It is Lord Byron's image for sweet things—"the voice of girls." Or the same frail machine can produce a *re-traite* that would draw two souls out of one adjutant. And then come pipes, and reeds, and oaten stops, and distant choirs, priests chanting merrily, or mass, or requiem, and poor lost Italy, and fair romantic Spain, and floating forms, and dark mantillas, and castanets that turn the air to rhythm. All these cannot be had from a spinet. But they require some husbandry—a parlour twilight, or a turret lone, when gabbling boys are fast abed, and there is one peculiar tone, whatever be the cause, that is never brought out but in the small hours of the morning. Above all, these things are hid from simpletons who seek them in a crowded theatre, and then declare they nothing heard. They might as well line the stage with miniatures, and view them from

the upper boxes. But he has missed the strangest effect of music who has not heard the "Carnival of Venice" in the long gallery that leads to the tomb of the Pharaohs. Organs would have been all pompous mockeries; but the small voice of the guitar said, "All flesh is grass," in a way there was no resisting. It was as if the *domus exilis Plutonia*, was piping the joys and cares that four thousand years have swept into eternity. Nothing can give a man such a vehement desire to cry—not even the little duck-tails of Signor Passalacqua's nankin jacket could break the charm. It is hard the author could tell no story of the guitar. Did he never hear of the Portuguese army that fled and left eleven thousand guitars upon the field? Or of the surprise of quarters in the succession war in Spain—when the foremost cavalier found the enemy's vidette tuning his guitar as he sat on horseback, and, perceiving he did it ill, took it from his hands, and returned it, saying, *ahara es templada*, "Now it is in tune," and passed on! There must be some inward grace where there are so many outward signs. Men have not so forgotten themselves in peace and war, without there being something that twined about their souls, in a way that "kists full o' whistles," or of hammers have not surpassed.

THE DUC DE L'OMELETTE IN THE SHADES.

"Ha! ha! ha!" said his Grace, on the third day after his decease—for, spirit of Apicius!—he perished of an ortolan.

"He! he! he!" replied Sathanas faintly, drawing himself up with an air of hauteur.

"Why, surely you are not serious," retorted De l'Omelette. "I have sinned—*c'est vrai*—but my good sir, consider!—you have no actual intention of putting such—such—barbarous threats into execution."

"No *what*!" said his majesty, "come, sir, get ready!"

"Get ready, indeed! very pretty *i'faith*! No, sir, I shall *not* get ready. Who are you pray, that I, Duc de l'Omelette, Prince de Foie-Gras, just come of age, author of the 'Mazurkisd,' and Member of the Academy, should divest myself, at your bidding, of the sweetest pantaloons ever made by Bourdon, the daintiest *robe de-chambre* ever put together by Rombert; to say nothing of the taking my hair out of paper—not to mention the trouble I should have in drawing off my gloves?"

"Who am I! Ah, true: I am Baal-Zebub, Prince of the Fly. I took thee just now from a rosewood coffin, inlaid with ivory. Thou wast curiously scented, and labelled as per invoice. Belial sent thee—my inspector of cemeteries. The pantaloons, which thou sayest were made by Bourdon, are an excellent pair of linen drawers, and thy *robe-de-chambre* is a shroud of no scanty dimensions."

"Sir, I have not time to do myself justice. I am a tleman, and I have rubbed my eyes, and his idea, where?"

The l'Omelette. It was height, no ceiling, ing man, brain above metal, From crescent from i still, so—Ghe never opium, back to Apollo decided.

The niches, tues of was G. tout er the sta. But the foot, heart, his Ma. But Astore Rafael had be and wa painting love l—ties, sh of the asleep down!

But He is with m tic bres Duc d could n the vo which tered at the encl ings an demned single t gleams Bentleys

"Sir," replied the Duc, "I am not to be insulted with impunity! Sir, I shall take the earliest opportunity of avenging this insult! Sir, you shall hear from me! In the mean time *au revoir!*" and the Duc was bowing himself out of the Sathanic presence, when he was interrupted and brought back by a gentleman in waiting. Hereupon, his Grace rubbed his eyes, yawned, shrugged his shoulders, reflected. Having become satisfied of his identity, he took a bird's-eye view of his whereabouts.

The apartment was superb. Even De l'Omelette pronounced it *bien comme il faut*. It was not very long, nor very broad—but its height—ah, that was appalling! There was no ceiling—certainly none—but a dense whirling mass of fiery-coloured clouds. His Grace's brain reeled as he glanced upwards. From above hung a chain of an unknown blood-red metal, its upper end lost, *parmi les nues*. From its nether extremity, hung a large crescent. The Duc knew it to be a ruby; but from it, there poured a light so intense, so still, so terrible, Persia never worshipped such—Ghebre never imagined such—Mussulman never dreamed of such, when, drugged with opium, he has tottered to a bed of poppies, his back to the flowers, and his face to the God Apollo! The Duc muttered a slight oath, decidedly approbatory.

The corners of the room were rounded into niches. Three of these were filled with statues of gigantic proportions. Their beauty was Grecian, their deformity Egyptian, their *tout ensemble* French. In the fourth niche, the statue was veiled—it was no colossal. But then, there was a taper ankle, a sandalled foot. De l'Omelette laid his hand upon his heart, closed his eyes, raised them, and caught his Majesty—in a blush.

But the paintings!—Kupris! Astarte! Astoreth!—a thousand and the same! And Raffaele has beheld them! Yes, Raffaele had been here; for did he not paint the—? and was he not consequently damned! The paintings!—the paintings! O luxury! O love!—who, gazing on those forbidden beauties, shall have eyes for the dainty devices of the golden frames that lie embedded and asleep against those swelling walls of eider-down!

But the Duc's heart is fainting within him. He is not, however, as you suppose, dizzy with magnificence, nor drunk with the ecstatic breath of those innumerable censers. The Duc de l'Omelette is terror-stricken! He could not help imagining that the glorious, the voluptuous, the never-dying melodies which pervaded that hall, as they passed filtered and transmuted through the alchemy of the enchanted window-panes, were the wailings and howlings of the hopeless and condemned; for, through the lurid vista which a single uncurtained window is affording, lo! gleams the most ghastly of all fires.
Bentley's Miscellany, Oct. 1840.

MORAL ECONOMY OF LARGE TOWNS.

JUVENILE LABOUR.

[If there be a lovely image for the mind of the philosopher, it is that of the pure white soul of an infant child, growing up under the influence of moral culture; for, fairer promise gives nothing on earth, that such, thereafter, like Aaron's rod, will blossom with the almond-flowers of virtue, and be crowned with fruits of perfectionating grace. Of such vast efficacy is early discipline.

Would that the elders of the community, therefore, emulating the true letter of the philosophic spirit, were to enter into the schools and huts of our workmen and poor, and lighten their opaque minds, with beams of comforting knowledge. The seed, if properly sown, would not fall on stony places, but bring forth sunshiny plants, with fruit a hundred-fold. The fault, it will be seen by the paper below, of non-educational progress, lies not in the poor themselves, but in the reproachful methods, now in vogue, of teaching. This fact, Dr. W. C. Taylor labours to demonstrate:—]

The poor require that children should begin to do something towards assisting to their own support, when they reach the age of eleven or twelve, which is precisely the period when the modern training, that ought to form the chief element of education, might be expected to have the most influence on their minds. In general, they leave school with only some smattering of reading and writing, and, perhaps, a little arithmetic, nothing has been done towards expanding their minds, or forming their principles; indeed, before the great majority of their teachers could inculcate the elements of morality, they would require to be instructed in them themselves.

On this most important point—the selection of teachers—a culpable spirit of negligence, or a still more culpable spirit of jobbing, exists among many who profess themselves the warmest friends of national education. Their notion of a school, is simply a parcel of children packed into a room, seated on forms, with books or slates before them, and some grown person sitting in the middle, with a cast-iron countenance, never ruffled by a smile. The patrons of charity-schools too frequently endeavour to make their benevolence perform double duty; there is to be charity in the appointment of the teacher, as well as in the admission of the scholars; and hence, though with the best intentions, when the office of schoolmaster is vacant, they vote for some broken tradesman, decayed farmer, superannuated servant, or helpless pauper, for the very sensible reason, that "he wants the place, poor fellow!" The more important question, "does the place want him?" is never taken into account.

[In the educational inquiries of the Manchester Statistical Society, some very curious disclosures were made by poorer people:—]

A considerable number of persons stated, that they were once able to read in the Bible, but had now forgotten it. This takes place, according to some, because they have "so mitch else to think about;" others consider that hard work drives it out of their heads; and one woman attributed her loss of learning to having had "such a big family." A hand-loom weaver, speaking in reference to his ability to read formerly, said, "I could say th' catechis fro' end to end, and ne'er look at book; but I cannot read now, I can only spell out words i'the Testament, but cannot *expenale* them, or summut o' that." A crofter said, he was at least three years at a day-school, and could read his book, but has "quite forgotten how it's done now." A female, referring to her school-days, said they did not learn much, for the "mistress used to set the scholars agate o' peeling potatoes, and fetching water, 'stead of setting them to read." A man, who had attended a free-school in Staffordshire, complained that the master took no trouble with the scholars, and hence, he never learned to read properly:—"one lad taught another all that was taught."

Girls suffer most, in being taken early from school, partly in consequence of the vulgar error, that women have less need of learning than men, but chiefly because they are so useful about a house, in running on errands, taking care of small children, cleaning, &c.; however, these employments are still of some use in the way of education, as they prepare girls for many of the occupations which they are likely to meet with in the active part of their lives. A poor widow, at Liverpool, mentioned the case of her two daughters; the elder, about seventeen years of age, she said, "was not fit to do a hand's turn, or to be trusted with a pin's worth;"—the younger, under eleven, "was one of the tiddest and handiest little creatures in the parish." The elder, it appeared, had never received any instruction, but the younger attended one of the corporation schools. The poor woman had discovered the connection between the school-training, and the domestic training, but was sorely perplexed to explain it. "I don't know how it is," she said, but they're the better in everything if they have *larning*."

Boys in the country, instead of being sent to school, are employed to weed, pick stones, drive away birds, and tend sheep or poultry.

One of the most comical sights in the world, is a chubby urchin in charge of a drove of turkeys. The birds, when they take a fit of obstinacy, are worse to deal with than a herd of Irish or even Scotch pigs; they scatter in all directions; they raise a mixed sound of cackling, gobbling, fluttering, and screaming; the cock assumes all the set stateliness of his tribe, and struts before his childish guardian in defiance, while the little fellow runs hither and thither, at one time closing in the flanks, at another, bringing up the rear, until sometimes, finding his efforts unavailing, he sits

down on the ground and cries, in sheer vexation.

The Scotch shepherds, who are all educated, are decidedly the best in Great Britain; and the Kerry boys, who are similarly circumstanced, are superior to the rest of their class in Ireland. Some of the Kerry boys know a little Latin—at least, as much as will enable them to serve mass; and the species of *memoria technica* frequently employed in their instruction, is well exemplified below:—

A Catholic priest, whose shortest way to his chapel lay through a Kerry sheep-walk, was struck by the intelligent looks of the boy who kept the flock. On questioning him, the priest found that he was so far behind the generality of his class, as not to know the Lord's Prayer in Latin, and resolved to become his instructor. Taking the lad into the midst of the flock, he said, "You are to call that sheep *pater noster*, the next to it, *qui es in celis*, the next *sanctificetur*, the next *nomen tuum*, and so on, through the flock and the prayer." In a short time, the boy was in his lesson, what he was before in name, Pat. On several successive occasions, he repeated it without missing a word; but one day, when summoned to display his knowledge, he began, "Pater noster—qui es in celis—nomen tuum—" "You're wrong," shouted the priest. "Oh, your reverence," he replied, "*sanctificetur* was sold to the butcher last week."

[In conclusion, it may be briefly noted, that everything that tends to develop taste in the minds of the young, to awaken their perceptions of beauty, whether in the works of nature or art, has a decided moral tendency, and a much greater influence on the heart than is generally imagined.]

AN IRISH WAGER.

"Nate hand you are then, my darlint," said one bricklayer to another. "You mount the ladder wid yer hod full of stones, and scatter them on the head if us as ye go, sir."

"Be me sowl, I'd carry yer own swate self up from de flags to de roof, an' down, widout yer bein' spilt."

"You couldn't do it, sir—I'd lay a thrille ye couldn't."

"For a noggin I would den—d'ye take me bet?"

"Done! the noggin on't ye can't, sir."

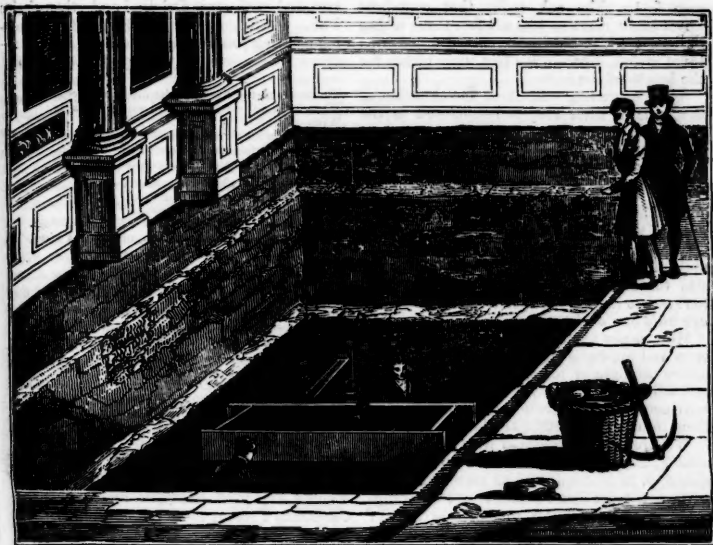
"We'll thry that! bundle in!"

Fearful as the experiment may seem, it was successful, and Jerry, once more landing the adventurous Pat on the pavement, said, triumphantly,

"The price of me stuff, if its aguel t'ye! Haven't I won it?"

"Ye have, sir, admitted Pat, reluctantly, lugging out his half-pence; "as it happens, I'm *bate*. I'd rather lose *any* thing than my wager, an' jist as we were comen by the second story I was in great *hopes*."

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EXHUMATION OF THE REMAINS OF BISHOP COVERDALE.

It was our misfortune to be disappointed by the artist of the above engraving, in time for it to appear with the account of the Exterior of Bartholomew Church: but, feeling assured that every notice relative to the virtuous and erudite Coverdale, is worthy of preservation, we now insert the sketch, taken by Mr. Whittock, on the spot, expressly for our work. From this gentleman's brochure, we avail ourselves of the following additional particulars:—

"In the centre of the chancel, the workman found the searcher strike against a hard substance, about two feet from the ground he stood on. As this was the precise spot where, from tradition and circumstances, we were led to expect the body we were in search of, was deposited, the excavation proceeded with increased care, and lest the coffin should be injured by the spade striking against it, a great deal of the earth was removed by hand. After digging to the depth indicated by the searcher, the spade struck against the thigh-bone of a skeleton, and so sharp was the sound, that we all considered it had struck a stone coffin. On the removal of the earth by hand, the only perfect skeleton we had discovered, was seen; the form of the coffin could also be traced, it appeared like a dark-red line surrounding the bones, the lid of the coffin and the earth having fallen in upon the body; it was necessary to clear away the earth before the whole of the skeleton could be seen. The skull alone was decomposed, which was accounted

for, by its having fallen upon two large limestone, when the bottom of the coffin could no longer contain it. * * * * *

"Mr. Bartlett, the master-carpenter in the employ of Mr. Toplis, had prepared boards to form a case for the remains; two of the long boards were placed edgewise on each side of the earth containing the skeleton, at equal distances from it; these were joined by transverse pieces at the head and feet, and strongly nailed together. By this means, the skeleton, the remains of the coffin, and the earth around it, were safely enclosed on all sides. The accompanying engraving will shew the appearance of the remains at this time.

"The case now rested on a scaffolding, and the remainder of the earth was cleared away; no bones or other remains were discovered, except a few nails, which belonged to the decayed coffin. The depth of the excavation was now twelve feet six inches from the pavement, and it was useless proceeding deeper, as the workmen had arrived at the base of the foundation of the old church.

"The admeasurement of the excavation was as follows:—The marble pavement of the chancel measured twenty-one feet by thirteen feet—it was raised eighteen inches above the paving of the church. Measuring from the marble pavement, the remains of Coverdale were eight feet six inches from the surface; the depth of the excavation was four-

teen feet. The oak coffin that contained Coverdale's remains was six feet three inches in length; the thickness of the wood was three inches, leaving five feet nine inches for the length of the body.

"The engraving will shew the situation of the remains after they were enclosed in the case."

MANKIND ONE SPECIES.

As the human intellect seeks unity in every kind of variety, and the divine mind, its prototype, has stamped the most innumerable multiplicity upon the earth with unity, we may venture, from the vast realm of change, to revert to the simplest position; *all mankind are only one and the same species.*

How many ancient fables of human monsters and prodigies have already disappeared before the light of history! and where tradition still repeats remnants of these, I am fully convinced more accurate inquiry will explain them into more beautiful truths.

We are here acquainted with the orang-outang, and know that he has no claim to speech, or to be considered as man; and when we have a more exact account* of the orang-kubul, and orang-gulni, the tailed savages of the woods of Borneo, Sumatra, and the Nicobar islands, will vanish.

The men with reverted feet in Molucca, the probably ricketty nation of dwarfs in Madagascar, the men habited like women in Florida, and some others, deserve such an investigation, as has already been bestowed on the Albinoes, the Dondoes, the Patagouians, and the aprons of the Hottentot females.

Men who succeed in removing wants from the creation, falsehoods from our memory, and disgraces from our nature are, to the realms of truth, what the heroes of mythology are to the primitive world; they lessen the number of monsters on the earth.—*Herder.*

New Books.

Fulcher's Ladies' Memorandum Book, and Poetical Miscellany, for 1841. Sudbury, Fulcher. London, Longman and Co.

This deservedly favourite Annual is worthy of the great patronage which its precursors have so universally enjoyed. It is embellished with a View of Rushbrook Hall, Suffolk; Lyston Hall, Essex; Rectory House, Great Waldingfield, Suffolk; and the Entrance to Middleton Church, Essex;—spiritedly and correctly engraved. A pleasing variety of charades are given, with an Almanac; Tables for Cash Accounts; and an interesting Treatise on "Domestic Greenhouses, or the Cultivation of Flowers in Glass Cases." It is also

* Mr. Linnaeus Martin's work on Zoology, now publishing, supplies by experience, what Herder only anticipated by reason.

enriched with some Original and other choice Poetical Effusion; among them is the following pleasing production by Bernard Barton:—

A SPRING DITTY.

The Spring! the Spring! the blithesome Spring!
When wild flowers bloom, and wild birds sing;
Without a wither'd or waning leaf,
To awaken a single thought of grief:
O! well may feeling and fancy sing
To the glad return of the blithesome Spring.
On the sunny bank of the grassy lane,
The tufts of primroses bloom again;
And beneath, as lovely and sweeter yet,
Is hidden the modest violet;
While the wild bee, round them, on restless wing,
Makes music to welcome the merry Spring.
And higher up, in the bright blue sky,
The lark warbles forth his melody;
In the fields like an echo afar is heard,
The shout of the cuckoo, that wand'ring bird,
While, closer conceal'd, like a viewless thing,
The nightingale chants 'o the gladsome Spring.
How cold and thankless the eye must be
Which, unmov'd, the beauty of Spring can see;
How dull the ear, to delight untried,
By the hum of the bee, or the song of the bird,
And yet more cold and dull the heart,
To which these no feeling of joy impart;
Which no tribute of thanks or praise can bring,
For the blessings pour'd forth with returning spring.

We can fearlessly recommend the above Annual as a most desirable and appropriate Christmas Present to all young people.

EFFICACY OF SOLITUDE.

MINDS early accustomed to solitude usually make the keenest observers of the world, and chiefly for this reason—when few objects are presented to our contemplation we seize them—we ruminate over them—we think, again and again, upon all the features they present to our examination; and we thus master the knowledge of the great book of mankind as Eugene Aram mastered that of learning, by studying five lines at a time, and ceasing not from our labour till those are thoroughly acquired. A youth whose attention has not been distracted by a multiplicity of objects—who, living greatly alone, is obliged therefore to think, not as a task, but as a diversion, emerges at last into the world—a shy man, but a deep observer. Accustomed to reflection, he is not dazzled by novelty; while it strikes his eye, it occupies his mind. Hence, if he sits down to describe what he sees, he describes it justly at once, and at first; and more vividly perhaps than he might in after-life, because it is newer to him.

SOCRATES.—Socrates himself wrote nothing, he was too much occupied with talking, but he had two Boswellian reporters. Xenophon uniformly introduces the worthy philosopher as prattling innocent nothings, more limpid than small beer; while Plato never lets him condescend to any theme below those of Hermes Trismegistus, or Thomas Aquinas. One or other must be a liar.

ON THE CHARACTER OF

MR. SOUTHEY'S WRITINGS.

[When Syrian damsels tuned their dulcimers to Ashtoreth, the Moon-queen, their purpose surely was to conciliate her favour against lerying her "commissions of lunacy" upon the brains of poor mortals. For the moon-shafts of Luna appear to be as nocuous on men's heads, as the bolt-electric on citadels and pollard-oaks. But ever is the aspect of the former—of sovereign Reason shattered on her throne—a most fearful and humiliating spectacle.]

Mr. Southey—who has charmed the nineteenth age from its beginning—has, according to a letter of Mrs. Southey's, been visited by this saddest of calamities, and expresses that he never again can appear in the literary world. The spirit that made such lofty music has now "its sweet bells jangled—out of tune!"

At such a moment, a notice of the poet's writings cannot prove unpleasing. For a portrait and full particulars of his life, our readers are referred to vol. xxv. of the *Mirror*.]

A poet, a biographer, a writer of literary miscellanies, a translator, an historian of campaigns, and churches, and nations, a celebrated and voluminous reviewer, himself the object of frequent and bitter criticism; in his youth the framer of ideal republics, in his manhood, the advocate of desolating wars and political monopolies, in his age, the chronicler of methodism and martyrs; throughout life, as a member of private society, the most uniformly amiable and pure, and at the same time, the unceasing follower of a public faction. Such are the various characters in which Mr. Southey stands before the public.

To speak of such a person is a task not to be undertaken with levity, for the fame of a good man is a treasure to his race, no less than to himself, and ought, above all things, to be holy from the slightest touch of misrepresentation.

From his earliest years, he appears to have preserved a strong sense of the presence and goodness of Heaven. This feeling has enabled him to imbue with love, humility, and strength of heart, many of the personages whom he introduces in his longer poems, and alone lends to his tales any of that thrilling atmosphere of real existence, with which his utter want of mere dramatic power would otherwise have prevented him from inspiring them. But for this feeling of brotherhood with all mankind, which teaches him to see in God an essential love breathing into all men a capacity for higher than earthly things—his poems would be little more than heaps of passages from old books of travels, diluted into loose and eccentric metre. But his natural piety has taught him to see in the external world much of what it really embodies of lovely and delightful, and in the heart of

man an inexhaustible fountain of magnificent hopes and gentle impulses; and from these he has extracted the sweet substance of some of the most graceful and gorgeous narratives that the present generation of poets have produced.

Not that Southey can be counted a poet of the highest class; his mind is fundamentally so inferior to those of Spenser and Shakspeare, Milton and Wordsworth, that there can scarce be a better illustration of the difference between first-rate and second-rate men. Not with any high and solemn purpose does Mr. Southey appear to have determined on writing his poems, but connected with some particular age or country, which would supply him with a splendid phantasmagoria of scenery; then to have brought together, from books, all the descriptions and incidents that could be introduced; and lastly, to have thought of personages, who, as the offspring of an elegant and amiable mind, partake of its pure and benevolent nature, but so as to appear mere abstractions of virtue, not beings of mingled characters and mysterious destiny, with a thousand aimless yearnings, and a thousand haughty hopes, and vague yet delightful sympathies, mingled with degrading propensities and passionate selfishness. He displays a vast variety of scenic pomp; but, in general, it seems as if his personages were brought there for the sake of showing the prospect to his readers; just as in our pantomimes, the jokes, and life, and character, are omitted, and two or three mutes walk along the stage, while the scene displays to us a moving picture of seas and cities, triumphs and enchantments.

Whatever be his faults, he must, as long as he lives and writes, continue to be a popular author. Even as a mere controversialist, his abilities and information never can be despised: though in this department of literature he shows to the least advantage. He has abundant information, and a ready grace in applying it; but he wants the subtlety of argumentation and bitterness of sarcasm, which are so large ingredients in the finished polemic. He often substitutes for reasoning, mere assertion and authority; and downright abuse as satire. The construction of his sentences, the clearness of his arrangement, and the liveliness of his narrative, are admirably adapted for history. But from the want of all power of philosophizing, he looks at events as naked facts, rather than as developments of principles; or if he ever recurs to general laws, they are of the most commonplace description.

As a writer of biographies, and of essays of amusing information, scarcely any one ever excelled him. His life of Nelson has been much praised, but not more than it deserves, for unaffected simplicity and unexaggerated earnestness. His writings probably cover more paper than those of any one now living, except, indeed, the gentleman in the farce,

who "has written all the newspapers in Europe for many years." They contain a wonderful mass of elegant composition and pleasant research, of lively description and animated narrative.

On the whole, Mr. Southey's chief talent appears to be style. Though sometimes a little affected, and even that but rarely, his composition, on the whole, is wonderfully clear, careful, and animated. But he never could have written half as much as he has, had his books required any great expense of thought; for the research they display, though laborious and astonishingly extensive, yet costs infinitely less of real intellectual toil and weariness, than the deducing subtle conclusions from vast and complicated premises, and the binding together and arranging masses of disjointed facts by the application of great general laws. It is almost to be regretted that his poetry even is not of a more condensed and concentrated character; for there is a delicacy and sweetness of feeling, and a splendour of descriptive diction, which, had it been less diluted and impoverished by verbiage, so as to outlast the fluctuations of the hour, would have given delight to all future ages, as they have already conferred on the instructed and gentle of our own day.

EVE'S NEEDLE.

(From the Countess of Wilton's Art of Needlework.)

"The use of sewing is exceeding old,
As in the sacred text it is enroled;
Our parents first in Paradise began."

JOHN TAYLOR.

WHEN we assert that Eve was the first sempstress, we may be taken to task by some critical antiquarian, because we may not be able precisely to prove that the frail and beautiful mother of mankind made use of a little weapon of polished steel, finely pointed at one end, and bored at the other, and "warranted not to cut in the eye." Assuredly, we do not mean that she did use such an instrument; most probably—we would *almost* venture to say most *certainly*—she did not. But then again, the cynical critic would attack us:—"You say that Eve was the first professor of needle-work, and yet you disclaim the use of a needle for her." No, good sir, we do not.

It seems most probable that Eve's first needle was a thorn:—

Before man's fall the rose was born,
St. Ambrose says, without the thorn;
But, for man's fault, then was the thorn,
Without the fragrant rose-bud, born.

Why thorns should spring up at the precise moment of the fall, is difficult to account for, in a world where everything has its use, except, we suppose, that they were meant for needles, and general analogy leads us to this conclusion; for, in almost all existing records of people, in what we are pleased to call a

"savage" state, we find that women make use of this primitive instrument, or a fish-bone.

"Avant l'invention des aiguilles d'acier, on a dû se servir à leur défaut, d'épines, on d'arêtes de poissons, ou d'os d'animaux." And as Eve's first specimen of needlework was certainly completed before the sacrifice of any living thing, we may safely infer that the latter implements were not familiar to her. The Cimbric inhabitants of Britain passed their time in weaving baskets, or in sewing together, for garments, the skins of animals taken in the chase, while they used as needles, for uniting these simple habiliments, small bones of fish or animals, rudely sharpened at one end; and needles, of just the same sort, were used by the inhabitants of the Sandwich Islands, when the celebrated Captain Cook first visited them.

The first needle-work, then, according to the earliest historical record, was thus:—

"They sewed themselves fig-leaves together, and made themselves aprons."

BESIEGEMENT OF LA ROCHELLE.

WHILE under the power of the English, La Rochelle obtained numerous privileges, which not only tended to increase her commerce, but her freedom. During the wars of religion, Protestantism made great progress, and, in 1568, Pontard de Treuilcharis, who had embraced the reformed faith, was elected mayor. He delivered the town to the Prince of Condé, who rendered it one of the most formidable bulwarks of the power of his party.

After the massacre of St. Bartholomew, it became the principal refuge of the Protestants, and was in consequence invested, in 1572, by the Dukes of Biron and Anjou.

Both the attack and defence were long and terrible. The horrors of famine did not shake the courage of the inhabitants; and after eight months of continued struggles and an immense expenditure, the besiegers, who had fruitlessly lost more than twenty-five thousand men and a great number of brave officers, concluded with the Rochellois, a treaty which left them in possession of their town and country.

The numerous infractions of that treaty, in the reign of Louis XIII., and under the ministry of Richelieu, led to a second siege, which commenced on the 10th of August, 1627, and which was as violent, longer, and more decisive than the former.

The inhabitants determined to exhibit the most strenuous resistance, elected one Guion mayor, who, standing on the steps of the Hotel de Ville, with a naked dagger in his hand, cried aloud to his fellow-citizens, "I consent to be mayor only on one condition, namely, that I shall be at liberty to plunge this dagger into the breast of the first who talks of surrender. Should I think of capitulating,

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lating myself, I hope this very instrument may be used against me, and I ask permission solemnly to lay it on the table of an assembly for that purpose."

The King, the Duke of Orleans, Marshal Bassompierre, and all the most renowned Generals of the time, were present at the siege. The circumvallation extended for three leagues around the town. It was thus impossible that provisions could enter on the land side; but, the sea was then, as it ever will be, open to our countrymen, and our vessels poured in provisions and ammunition.

After six months of heroic resistance, during which no thought of surrendering entered the minds of the inhabitants, the famous architect and engineer Métézeau, was directed to bar the entrance of the harbour, by an immense dyke, of which, the remains are seen to this day, at low water. This gigantic undertaking, extending one thousand five hundred metres into the sea, was accomplished, and the result was soon fatally apparent. Provisions and munitions of war no longer arrived, and the inhabitants, reduced to the last extremity, fed on herbs and shell-fish. Famine quickly decimated the ranks of the besieged, and, in an incredibly short time, twelve thousand died from absolute famine.

After a siege of fourteen months and eighteen days, La Rochelle at length capitulated. —*Times*.

THE YOUNG BEAUTY OF NANTUCKET.

A YOUNG beauty of Nantucket, in the full dress of her country, that is to say, her neck and shoulders bare, according to the American fashion, and cinched at the waist with a robe that flowed down to her ankles, was proceeding along one of the streets, bearing in her hand, some of those brilliant specimens of the winged tribe, which the warriors of her race had shot with the arrow, to dispose of them at the neighbouring mart.

At the moment the beauty passed, a gentle cavalier was seized with such temptation at the sight of her alabaster shoulders, (according to the expression of the Nantucket paper) that the said cavalier kissed her, levying lightly the first kiss on the neck, and the second on the lips, of the temptatress.

The damsel, vehemently indignant by right, went immediately to the judge, and demanded punishment on the culpable cavalier.

Having judged him according to his wisdom, the administrator of the law told him that he had incurred for himself a triple damage:—

1st., due to modesty,

2nd., to moral propriety,

3rd., to the insulted lips and alabaster neck of the complainant.

The judge, therefore, estimated the value of the offence, physically and morally, at twenty-five dollars.

The condemned cavalier paid it, and with the most pleasing effrontery in the world, offered the fair persecutor, to re-commence at the same rate. —*Courier de l'Europe*.

JOSEPHINE'S SHAWLS.

THOUGH the produce of the Cashmerian looms had long been known in Europe, they did not come into vogue until after Napoleon's expedition to Egypt, and they even then took but slowly.

The shawl was still a novelty in France, when Josephine, as yet but the wife of the First Consul, knew not how to drape its elegant folds, and stood indebted to the *brusque* Rapp, for the grace with which she afterwards wore it.

"Permettez que je vous fasse l'observation," said Rapp, as they were setting off for the Opera; "que votre schall n'est pas mis avec cette grace qui vous est habituelle."

Josephine laughingly let him arrange it in the manner of the Egyptian women. This impromptu toilette caused a little delay, and the infernal machine exploded in vain!

What destinies waited upon the arrangement of this cashemir! A moment sooner or later, and the shawl might have given another course to events, which would have charged the face of Europe.

The Empress Josephine had quite a passion for shawls, and it is questionable whether any collection of them was ever so valuable as hers. At Navarre, she had one hundred and fifty, all extremely beautiful and high-priced. She sent designs to Constantinople, and the shawls made after these patterns, were as beautiful as they were valuable. Every week M. Lenormant came to Navarre, and sold her whatever he could obtain that was curious in this way. Among others, she had many white shawls, covered with roses, blue-bells, parrots, peacocks, &c., which were not to be met with anywhere else in Europe; they were valued at 15,000 and 20,000 francs each. The shawls were at length sold by auction, at Malmaison, at a rate much below their value. All Paris went to the sale.

SINGULAR INSTANCE OF ABSTINENCE.

A STATE prisoner at Smyrna, who was sentenced to die of hunger in prison, was found alive twenty-eight days after his incarceration. This unfortunate man, whose sentence had been commuted, stated that he had prolonged his existence by a box of wafers, which also contained a small piece of gum elastic, and a morsel of sealing wax. After having lived for some time by economising this substitute for food, he began to eat the paste-board box which contained those objects. Part of the lid of the box was left unconsumed when he was visited. W. G. C.

BUDHISM.*

THE GOD SEKRAIA.

BUDHISM abounds in all the conceptions capable of being raised by the imaginative mind of an Indian philosopher, half-maddened by seclusion and self-infliction. It has a crowd of deities of every rank, from the supreme to the demon, or spirit of the dead; it has the metempsychosis: the purgatory, the successive heavens, and the successive hells. In the description of the heavens, we recognize the glowing fancy of the Oriental.

The sun-palace of the God Sekraia is within of gold, and without of crystal. The moon-palace is within of silver, and without of carbuncle. Here reside the four gods, of the same rank, and having the same power.

The first god presides over the East. His attendants, his clothes, his chariots, and his horses, are all white, and his arms are crystal. He presides over music. His residence is in a city of splendour on the summit of the mountain Jugandere. Its pillars, walls, and beams are of silver, suiting the bowers of light. In the whole of this heaven grows the padze-zebayn tree, on which, in place of fruit, hang brilliant garments, exquisite viands, and ornaments of inestimable value. Everywhere are running streams, lakes, and delicious gardens.

The second god is blue. He presides over the West, and over hosts of angels. His body shines like a lamp, and he wears a diamond crown of prodigious height. His form is ever bathed with precious perfumes, and is clothed with divine garments, and decorated with ornaments emitting the brightest rays. He is the god of light.

The God Sekraia is still more splendidly lodged, if possible. His dwelling is in the great city, Maha-Soudassana, which is of a square form. Its gates are of gold and silver, adorned with precious stones. Seven moats surround the city, and beyond the last is a range of marble pillars, studded with jewels, beyond which are seven rows of palm-trees, bearing rubies, pearls, and gold. But Sekraia has, like all his earthly types of sovereignty, a favourite hall of the most immense size; from its roof hang golden bells. Whenever Sekraia repairs to this hall, the winds shake off all the flowers (fresh ones instantly blooming on the trees), with which the presiding gods of the winds adorn the road, in honour of his approach, and the flowers are so abundant that they reach up to the knees. In the centre stands the great throne, surmounted by the white chettra, or umbrella, which is surrounded by the thirty-two shrines of the counsellors, and behind these, ranks of inferior divinities, which touch instruments of music.

A grand inquiry is here held into the con-

* Buddhism is that particular religion which once overspread India, till driven from thence by the Brahmins; but now has sway in Japan, Tibet, China, and Ceylon.

duct of mankind. The angels pass through the earth, write down in a golden book the actions of its inhabitants, and return it to the four presiding spirits, who send it on through ranks of deities, until it reaches the hand of Sekraia. He, opening his book, reads aloud, and his voice sounds over the whole Empyrean. If the inferior deities hear that men observe the Buddhist laws, they exclaim, "Oh, now the infernal regions will be empty, and our dwelling full." If they hear that the Buddhist laws are forgotten, "Oh, wretches," they say, *smiling*, "men and fools, who, feasting for a short life,—for a body four cubits in length, and a belly not larger than a span, have heaped upon yourselves sin, which will make you miserable in the time to come."

The Indian imagination that has here revelled in beauty and pomp, grows terrible when it comes to picture the places of punishment. Among the crimes for which sentence is given, are wine-drinking, the corrupting of wells, the destroying of highways, the propagation of scandal, the chaining of our fellow-creatures, and the neglect of the sick. The third large hell is for "rulers who oppress the people," a hazardous declaration of eastern theology. The eight principal hells, and the hundred and twenty-six minor ones, are well secured, having walls of iron, thirty-six miles thick, with a flooring and roof of the same material and the same density.

WOODEN RUINS.

A MODERN wooden ruin is of itself the least interesting, and at the same time the most depressing object imaginable. The massive structures of antiquity that are everywhere to be met with in Europe, exhibit the remains of great strength; and, though injured and defaced by the slow and almost imperceptible agency of time, promise to continue thus mutilated for ages to come. They awaken the images of departed generations, and are sanctified by legend and by tale.

But a wooden ruin shows rank and rapid decay, concentrates its interest on one family, or one man, and resembles a mangled corpse, rather than the monument that covers it. It has no historical importance, no inspiration in it; and the antiquary no interest. It speaks only of death and decay, of recent calamity, and vegetable decomposition. The very air about it is close, dank, and unwholesome. It has no grace, no strength, no beauty, but looks deformed, gross, and repulsive. Even the faded colour of a painted wooden house, the tarnished gilding of its decorations, the corroded iron of its fastenings, and its crumbling materials, all indicate recent use, and temporary habitation.

ISLANDS NEAR THE COAST OF CHINA.

As great attention has lately been attracted towards the islands with which the Yellow Sea and other parts are sprinkled, and as we know next to nothing of the same, a few words upon the subject will not be useless.

The whole mass may be divided into the following groups.—1. The Canton. 2. The Formosan. 3. The Haetan. 4. The Choosan. 5. The Korean. 6. The Japanese.

1. THE CANTON GROUP.—The largest of the Canton group are Haenan and Namu, the former at the south-western, the latter at the eastern extremity of this province, whilst the Canton archipelago is thickest studded with them. The coasts of the first islands are well known, and have been partly surveyed by Ross; the interior is a *terra incognita*. The numerous islands in our neighbourhood have been again and again visited by our mariners, and the harbours, as well as passages, are all in the Directory. No anchorage, however, is so convenient, and for all purposes of trade so well situated, as Hongkong. Namu has been traversed in every direction, and the places of shelter about that island have carefully been noted down.

2. THE FORMOSAN GROUP has been less visited. The great island itself has, since its repossession by the Chinese, scarcely ever fixed the attention of the mercantile adventurer. Of its riches we have frequently heard; its importance to the opposite continent is very great, but there is only one harbour on the west coast—viz, that of Tan-shwuy, and another on the northernmost point, the bay of Kelung. The eastern coast is an unknown territory, and we are even less acquainted with it than with Spitzbergen. To the east is the Hat-chi-ko-matchi group (eight islets) inhabited by as gentle and civilized a race as the Loochoo islands, but we are not able to tell whether there are any harbours amongst them. The Pang-koo (Pescadores), between China and Formosa, are remarkable for their sterility and good harbours, and their possession is indispensably necessary to the land of Formosa.

3. THE HAETAN GROUP is less numerous and important than the preceding. The principal island known under that name is well inhabited; those that are situated at a considerable distance out at sea, like Oksu-nan-yü (Lam-jit), are exceedingly sterile, nevertheless inhabited, not by pirates, as some would lead us to believe, but by industrious farmers and fishermen. Me-cheo is a very delightful spot. These, as well as the islands around the entrance of the Min river, are tolerably well known; but the whole chain that stretches thence to Fah-ning-foo and the frontiers of Che-keang has scarcely ever been visited. Some very good anchorages have been found by occasional visitors, and the natives bear a high character for orderly behaviour.

4. THE CHUSAN GROUP is small, but highly cultivated, whilst their situation in a commercial point of view is eminently advantageous. Close to central China, in the neighbourhood of the most flourishing cities of the empire, as Ning-pe, Hang-choo, Shang-hae, and Soe-choo, and many more, and being the general thoroughfare between the northern and southern trade of China, they are the most important of the whole.

5. THE KOREAN GROUP is countless in number, little known, however, and only the outer ones have been twice visited. They are richly wooded, but scantily inhabited; the timber that grows there is of the best quality. Some of this chain stretch out to the Gulf of Chihle, and near the coast of Chantung. The largest is situated to the south, called Quelport, which was made known to us by some shipwrecked Dutch sailors, who lived there at the beginning of the seventeenth century.

6. THE JAPANESE ISLANDS are the most considerable; the principal of the Loochoo group has often come under the observation of our navigators; the chain that runs in a northerly direction to Japan is well laid down in the charts; both this and another stretching down from the Bay of Jeddo to the Bonin islands are of volcanic construction, and several have craters. The whole is an archipelago in itself, inhabited by semi-civilized races, with strong prejudices against foreign intercourse.

THE BONIN ISLANDS.—Of all the propositions made for the establishment of an European settlement, none is less feasible than at the Bonin islands. No Chinese junk would ever venture so far in a boisterous sea, and if one in one hundred reached them, it would be mere good luck. The policy itself of having an insular establishment beyond the control of the adjacent despotic governments is a very sound one; and, as there is such an extensive field for making a proper choice, it is not to be doubted but that a suitable spot will be fixed upon. Another Singapore is wanted, which shall attract the neighbouring nations to its market, with a good harbour, and sufficient arable soil to feed its own inhabitants. These are two indispensable things, besides the necessity of such an island being situated on the high road of the trading craft. Time will show how far this important object can be realized.—*Bombay Courier*.

A CLIPPED COAT.

THE Duke de Coigny one night appeared in a new, and most expensive coat; suddenly a lady in the company remarked that its gold bindings would be excellent for untwisting. In an instant he was surrounded—all the scissors in the room were at work; in short, in a few moments, the coat was stripped of its laces, its galloons, its tassels, its fringes; and the poor duke, notwithstanding his vexation, was forced by *politeness* to laugh, and praise the dexterity of the fair hands that robbed him.

The Gatherer.

The Cathedral of Mayence.—A venerable pile. It contains the ancient tomb of Fastrada, the wife of Charlemagne.

The Third Wall of Jerusalem.—This triple wall was defended by ninety towers. The Tower of Psephina, of an octagonal form, was seventy cubits in height, and looked like an immense mountain. Equally remarkable were the towers of Hippicus, Phasael, and Mariamne, memorials of the gratitude and affection of King Herod; they were built of large stones, and, in the words of a rabbin, when the sun's rays shone upon them, they looked like burning coals.

Bailly the Astronomer.—Few can forget his fine reply to the soldier, who said to him, "Thou tremblest, Bailly!"—"Yes, my friend, but it's with cold!"

A Fair Scene.—At first the waves were crimson, as if freighted with rubies, the last love-gifts of the dying sun—for they were sailing on direct to the west, which was one flush, like a sea of blushing wine. Gradually the tints became paler; shades of soft pink just tinged the far-off clouds, and a delicate lilac fell on the waters. A star or two shone pure and bright in the sky, and the only shadows were flung by a few wild rose-trees that sprang from the clefts of the rocks.

M. Raoul-Rochette has received from Signor Visconti, an account of some interesting particulars of discoveries recently made in various parts of the Roman States. Near Ancona, a tomb has been found, in which the body had been laid between painted vases, with a golden crown, similar to those which have been taken from Etruscan tombs. A curious mosaic has also been found, by the Duchess Caſtani, amongst the ruins of an ancient Roman town on the Aurelian Way. The excavations which have been resumed at Camposcala, have brought to light a small funeral ediculum with columns and a sculptured figure, of the stone of the country, and an Etruscan inscription. The work of clearing the ground of the Forum of Nerva, is now about to be undertaken, and results of great importance are anticipated.

Helper, the German Botanical Traveller, according to report, has been murdered by the natives of the Andaman Isles. He was attacked and shot in the head by an arrow while collecting specimens.

Had Alexander not been Alexander, he would have been Parmenio.

Mirabeau was a man who produced a tremendous effect by adopting and fathering the productions of others; he seems to have turned all his friends to account, and kept all their heads at work, that he might reap and apply the fruits of their labour; and this was done, not in the sneaking manner of a plagiarist, but with the careless openness of a man absorbed

in a great purpose, and who was indifferent to the imputation of a want of originality, provided the argument or the eloquence was of a kind to aid the great work in hand. In this light he may be considered as a great manufacturer, who, though he does not fabricate himself, procures and applies the labour of production, and then distributes the thing produced over the four quarters of the globe.

"*What man has done, man can do,*" is one of those fallacious truisms with which grown-up folks bore poor schoolboys, and think themselves very wise. Man can only do "what man has done," when he has a mind to do it.

Peru.—Herder calls Peru, "the Throne of Nature, and of the most barbarous tyranny; Peru, rich in mines and misery."

Merits and Abuses.—It is said of some gardeners, that, from their attention being too strongly fixed on the task of keeping the beds free from weeds, they lose all sense of the beauty of the flowers, and never see anything but weeds in a garden. So, often, in order to examine abuses beneficially, the merits must be kept clearly and strongly in view.

Form of Baptism in the time of Bede.—"I renounce the devil, and all devil's money, and all devil's works and words, Thunder and Woden and Saxonism and all devilries."

Houses of Paris.—To build a house in Paris is a very serious thing; the ground rent is enormously high. You go to the stone quarry for your material, and not to the brickfield. You must employ oak instead of Canada pine. You must employ stone-cutters and masons instead of bricklayers. In short, for houses in the first class of streets, you must proceed in Paris as you would in London, if you are about to design a public edifice.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Accepted.—"Weep not," by G. G. jun.—"Loe's Eden," a Poem.—Poems, by John F.

We beg to decline.—"Lines addressed to the Portrait of a Deceased Father," by F. B.—J. D. S. L.—*Theta.*—*Sonnet* by S. D.—*Sunshine after Storm.*—G. H. Geoghegan.—*On Hope.*—*Candidatus.*—*The Only Son.*

The favour of E. T. C. has arrived safe; and the drawing is in the hands of the Engraver.

If "Antiquarius" will be good enough to refer to the wrapper of the last part of the Mirror, he will find his communication noticed in the following words:—"We shall be happy to avail ourselves of 'Antiquarius's' offer."

R. S., Stone-Neuington, will find all the information he requires in most of the Histories of London.

Mr. Lincoln's packet has been received.

The MS. of the "Trip to Windsor" is left at the office for the compiler.

The suggestion of "A Nine Years' Subscriber," shall be attended to.

We again request our Correspondents to date their Letters.

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